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THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY LANE.

TUESDAY, October 27.—*Paul Pry*; Poole.—*Happiest Day of my Life*.—*Midas*.

Mrs. Glover reappeared at this theatre, after a long absence, as Mrs. Subtle. Miss Graddon played Phœbe with archness and appropriate vivacity.

WEDNESDAY, October 28.—*Soldier's Daughter*.—*Masaniello*.

THURSDAY, October 29.—*The Stranger*.—No, (first time at this theatre).—*Thierna-na-Oge*.

If ever the proud epithet of perfection might be applied to human effort, Mr. Young's personation of the Stranger is deserving of it. In this character every look, every inflection of feature, every movement, constitutes an illustration of the author. Miss Phillips's acting, as the penitent wife, was highly impressive, but it is to be regretted that her countenance is unable to portray more visible marks of the corroding anguish of inward care which preys alike upon the body as well as the mind of Mrs. Haller; in the scene where she discloses her secret to the Countess, her look and attitude of humbled guilt and overwhelming remorse was truly beautiful. Mr. H. Wallack made his second appearance at this theatre, as Count Wintersen. He is an elder brother of the Stage Manager, and much resembles him in form and features. All the other characters were sustained in so admirable a manner, as to defy the most rigid critic to discover a fault.

FRIDAY, October 30.—*She Stoops to Conquer*.—No.—*Happiest Day of my Life*.

SATURDAY, October 31.—*Paul Pry*.—No.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

MONDAY, November 2.—*Julius Cæsar*.—*Masaniello*.

TUESDAY, November 3.—*Snakes in the Grass* (first time).—*Ballet.*
—*Lord of the Manor.*

Dramatis Personæ.—Mr. Janus, Mr. LISTON; Captain Agitate, Mr. JONES; Mr. Skinner, Mr. W. BENNETT; Mr. Walton, Mr. BROWNE; Dick, Mr. YARNOLD; Frank Skinner, Mr. J. VINING; John Thomas, Mr. WEBSTER; Fact, Mr. HARLEY; Mrs. Bloomley, Miss MORDAUNT; Mrs. Janus, Mrs. GLOVER; Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. ORGER; Mrs. Walton, Mrs. C. JONES; Cecilia, Miss FAUCIT; Twill, Mrs. NEWCOMBE.

This comedy, for such it is styled in the bills, though it is hardly deserving of that epithet, principally turns on the *amiable* propensities of Mr. and Mrs. Janus, whose sole pleasure consists in raising dissensions among their acquaintance. In the opening scene, we find Frank Skinner on the point of being married to Cecilia Walton; their parents have been long at variance, on account of a protracted law-suit, and this union is intended as the vehicle of reconciliation; the snakes, however, on their arrival, after having ingratiated themselves with the Waltons and the Skinners, contrive, the one by misrepresentations to the lover, and the other to his intended, to break off the match. A Mrs. Bloomley and a Captain Agitate constitute the other portion of the piece; their marriage has also been prevented by the machinations of the Januses: the denouement is brought about by Captain Agitate overhearing a conversation between Mr. Janus and Mrs. Bloomley, in which the former makes a most dishonourable proposal. All parties are of course made perfectly happy, according to the old rule, that comedies should end in a church while tragedies are condemned to the church-yard. The dialogue of this comedy, without being highly polished, is spirited and lively; the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Janus are well drawn and were admirably sustained. The remaining portion of the *dramatis personæ*, notwithstanding the talented names which are crowded on the list, have very few opportunities of distinguishing themselves. The scene where Mrs. Janus pretended to explain to Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Skinner the cause of the quarrel between their children, while artfully working upon their maternal feelings so as to make each think her child is ill used, was incomparably well played by Mrs. C. Jones, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. Glover. The house was well filled, and the comedy was announced for repetition with applause mingled with a few hisses.

WEDNESDAY, November 4.—*Snakes in the Grass*; Buckstone.—*Happiest Day of my Life*; Buckstone.—*Der Freischütz.*

THURSDAY, November 5.—*Venice Preserved*; Otway.—*Ballet.*—*Snakes in the Grass.*

The only material change in the tragedy was the substitution of

Mr. Wallack's Jaffier for Mr. Cooper's. The change is decidedly for the better, as the former's manner and action were not so boisterous and overcharged, while his voice is far more calculated to give the intended effect to the lover-like and enthusiastic expressions of fondness which form the prominent feature in the character of Jaffier. In the parting interviews with Belvidera, Wallack was very inferior to C. Kemble in depicting the agonizing struggles and heart-rending sorrows of his situation, who in the final parting with his wife, touched the very climax of grief, and raised a correspondent sensibility in every feeling breast. Miss Phillips's fair complexion, soft melodious tones, and mild unassuming cast of features are preeminently adapted for the affectionate Belvidera, but her powers are totally incapable of fulfilling the author's intention in the latter portion of the play, especially where frenzy has usurped the throne of reason; and in the early scenes her declamation often appeared to us cold and unimpassioned. Mr. Young's Pierre requires no encomium, for it is faultless.

FRIDAY, November 6.—*She Stoops to Conquer*.—*Snakes in the Grass*.—Amoroso.

SATURDAY, November 7.—*A Bold Stroke for a Husband*.—*Snakes in the Grass*.

Miss Mordaunt sustained the difficult part of Olivia with much ability, and in the scenes where she disgusts her various suitors she displayed much varied talent. Harley was irresistibly ludicrous as Vicentio, the enthusiastic admirer of music; and Farren played the eccentric old gentleman, Don Cæsar, with more than his usual comic excellence. Wallack's Don Carlos, in the drunken scene, was much applauded.

MONDAY, November 9.—*Pizarro*; Kotzebue and Sheridan.—*Masaniello*.

Mr. Wallack, invariably on his return from his trans-atlantic trips, endeavours to foist himself upon the town as a first-rate actor; hence we have been occasionally indulged with his Coriolanus, Brutus, Richard the Third, &c. &c. Mr. Wallack's Rolla is a fine showy performance, but very different from the Rolla of Kemble and Young, or the noble-minded hero Kotzebue has drawn;—it is deficient in passion and depth of feeling, and chiefly calculated to please the gods on an Easter Monday.

Mrs. Faucit played Elvira (the soldier's trull, as the late John Kemble styled her) with great spirit. Mr. H. Wallack proved a very efficient representative of Pizarro; but he has an abominable habit of strongly accenting unimportant words, which is highly offensive to the ear.

TUESDAY, November 10.—*Venice Preserved.—Ballet.—Snakes in the Grass.*

WEDNESDAY, November 11.—*A Bold Stroke for a Husband; Cowley.—Ballet.—Snakes in the Grass.*

THURSDAY, November 12.—*Paul Pry.—Ballet.—Snakes in the Grass.*

FRIDAY, November 13.—*She Stoops to Conquer.—Ballet.—Snakes in the Grass.*

SATURDAY, November 14.—*Wild Oats; O'Keefe.—Love, Law, and Physic; Kenny.*

The comedy was strongly but not well cast. Jones exhibited the unthinking generosity and ardent ungovernable nature of the hero with great warmth of expression; but his acting was not sufficiently varied, and altogether far inferior to Elliston's, in depicting the wild and extravagant whimsicality of Rover—the abrupt changes from the mock heroics of his flights to the real sensibility of his character. Indeed the consummate ease with which Elliston ran from one passion to another in Rover cannot be too highly lauded; he was careless, volatile, impetuous, feeling one person with Tim, another with Lady Amaranth, a third with Sir George, and a fourth with Amelia.

Harley's Tim was laughable, but very incorrect; and by his faults forcibly brought to the recollection of many of his auditors the excellence of poor Knight, who enacted the rustic simplicity and kindly nature of the farmer's son with a fidelity which we fear never again to see realized. Farren, as the passionate but brave Admiral, was inferior to Dowton or Bartley. This clever performer, in his own line, is inimitable, but rarely appears to advantage as the representative of hale old men;—a touch of Ogleby rheumatism will show itself. Wallack's John Dory was sturdy and bluff. Liston, as the hypocritical Smooth, wanted the conventicle twang of Munden and Fawcett; it was, however, extremely ludicrous. Miss Mordaunt's deportment as Lady Amaranth was quiet and unaffected, and she did full justice to the frank simplicity and admirable qualities of the character. Mrs. Orger was extremely pleasing and natural as the representative of Jane.

The house was well filled, and Mr. Jones, at the conclusion, was honoured with three rounds of applause.

MONDAY, November 16.—*Venice Preserved.—Masaniello.*

TUESDAY, November 17.—*Rob Roy; Pocock.—Ballet.—Charles the Twelfth.*

WEDNESDAY, November 18.—*Ups and Downs.—Brigand Chief* (1st time).—*X Y Z.*

Dramatis Personæ.—Prince Bianchi, (Governor of Rome,) Mr. W. FARREN; Albert, Mr. H. WALLACK; Theodore, Mr. J. VINING, (Students of the French Academy of Painting); Nicolo, Mr. WEBSTER; Fabrio, Mr. HUGHES; Count Caraffa, Mr. C. JONES; Cardinal-Secretary, Mr. FENTON; Alessandro Massaroni, (the Brigand Chief,) Mr. WALLACK; Rubaldo, (his Lieutenant,) Mr. BEDFORD; Spoletto, Mr. BLAND; Carlotti, Mr. YARNOLD; Ottavia, (Prince Bianchi's Niece,) Miss FAUCIT; Maria Grazie, (the Brigand's Wife,) Mrs. W. BARRYMORE.

Massaroni, the hero, is at the head of a large party of Brigands, the terror of the neighbouring country; but notwithstanding the nature of his profession, he possesses many amiable qualities, for he not only saves Albert and Theodore from being murdered by his band, but permits them to depart on their journey to Rome unmolested, merely exacting a promise that they should meet him at the villa with the sum of 6000 scudi. The other incident of consequence in the first act is the robbery of Nicolo, the Steward of the Convent of St. Arnold, by a very amazing and ingenious contrivance.

In the second act, a grand gala is given at the villa of the Prince Bianchi; Massaroni appears among the guests, disguised as an Italian nobleman and even plays at ombre with the Prince. By some accident he is discovered;—the guests quit the saloon with great velocity, and the brigand is left alone. He unveils a portrait, thinking that it conceals a door which might aid his escape. By a miniature that he carries with him, he discovers it to be the portrait of his mother (for he is an illegitimate and deserted child of the Prince Bianchi). Theodore then enters and endeavours to effect the brigand's escape, but he is shot in the attempt; he rushes in mortally wounded, and dies proclaiming his origin.

The drama was eminently successful. It is translated from the French by Mr. Planché, and abounds with romantic incidents, effective situations, and excellent acting. Mr. Wallack, as the Brigand Chief, gave a splendid specimen of melo-dramatic acting; his attitudes were very striking and picturesque; he sung a national air with a considerable degree of taste. All the performers exerted themselves with great zeal and success.

THURSDAY, November 19.—*Venice Preserved.—The Brigand Chief;* Planché.

FRIDAY, November 20.—*Wild Oats.—The Brigand Chief.*

SATURDAY, November 21.—*She Stoops to Conquer.—The Brigand Chief.*

MONDAY, November 23.—*Othello.—The Brigand Chief.*

The merits of Mr. Young's Othello we have already descanted upon in a preceding number; his acting this evening excited the profoundest attention mingled with the deepest sympathy, which was only interrupted by enthusiastic bursts of approbation. The gradual rise of the subtlest of all human passion, the hydra of calamities, with all the ebb and flow of the tempestuous agitation of the soul to the gradual completion of its measureless revenge, were displayed with terrible force and verity; and if the electric flashes of Kean's genius were occasionally missing, the performance, as a whole, was infinitely more pleasing, for there was nothing in it to offend either the eye or the ear.

Mr. Wallack's Iago was "poor indeed." Henderson has been accounted by many learned critics to have had too much disguise in some of his scenes, and Cooke too little. Mr. Wallack has taken quite a new idea of the character, and entirely divested him of all signs of villainy; he is in this actor's hand quite a good-humoured rosy cheeked gentleman, so much so that some of the audience must have been quite surprised to hear him utter such diabolical intentions, for his voice and looks constantly belied his words. To Othello, Cassio, and the rest, he is to be honest, honest Iago, but to the audience his villainy should be apparent. Iago is a hypocrite only before those on whom his poison is to work; when alone, the demi-devil cannot be too explicitly declared. This is the great excellence of Young in this part. In the soliloquies, where the soul of Iago should shine forth in the most glaring colours, as he has a deep plot to lay, imagined injuries to revenge, and serious risks to run, his deliberations (as was the case with Mr. Wallack) should not come from him as if they were a mere chain of philosophical deductions. The suggestions of his brain, if there be any design in character or use in soliloquy, operate forcibly upon his mind, and of course on his countenance; and the different passions and shades of passion will be boldly and ardently expressed. Mr. Wallack was equally indifferent in the great scenes with Othello, where his by-play should indicate the strong interest he takes in the progress of his operations, and considerably destroyed the effect of Young's acting.

Mr. Cooper's Cassio was very well played, but he should have changed characters with Mr. Wallack. Miss Phillips has all those soft and endearing allurements of voice and manner which the actress who represents the gentle Desdemona should possess. Her acting was much applauded. The house was well filled.

TUESDAY, November 24.—*The Partizans*; Planché.—*The Brigand Chief*; Planché.—*Deaf as a Post*.

WEDNESDAY, November 25.—*Wild Oats*.—*The Brigand Chief*.

THURSDAY, November 26.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Brigand Chief*.

COVENT GARDEN.

TUESDAY, October 27.—*The First of May*; Hill.—*Invincibles*.—
Woodman's Hut.

WEDNESDAY, October 28.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

THURSDAY, October 29.—*Shakspeare's Early Days* (1st time).—
First of May.—*The Robber's Wife*.

The following is a brief outline of the plot and incidents :—

SCENE I. *The outside of Shakspeare's house in Henly-street*. The piece opens with John Shakspeare complaining to his wife of the wild and irregular conduct of their son William.

SCENE II. *Distant view of Stratford across the river Avon*. Shakspeare is discovered sleeping on a bank by the side of the Avon. Oberon and Titania appear, and give the bard a presage of his future fame, bidding scenes from five of his most favourite plays to pass before him; *viz.* Falstaff, Hamlet and the Ghost, Romeo and Juliet, Prospero and Miranda, Macbeth and the Witches. Shakspeare, shortly after awaking from this vision, is apprehended by Slyboots to answer a charge of killing one of Sir Thomas Lucy's fat bucks.

SCENE III. *An apartment in Sir Thomas Lucy's house*. Shakspeare enters into a defence of poaching, and declares he shot the buck to save a family from dying of starvation; he is however compelled by Sir Thomas to pay a fine of fifty crowns. This his father defrays.

In the next scene Slyboots calls at William Shakspeare's residence to request him to draw up a proclamation against deer-stealing; for Sir Thomas Lucy is disgusted with his present clerk, Drawl, and promised his place to Slyboots on condition that he draws up a "thundering" proclamation against that offence. Slyboots, like Sir Thomas, can neither read nor write; so Shakspeare pens for him the well-known ballad against Sir Thomas Lucy.

In the last scene of the act, the people of Stratford are summoned by sound of bell to hear the reading of this thundering proclamation against deer killing. The astonishment and rage of Sir Thomas Lucy may be well imagined when Drawl, by his master's orders, reads the severe lampoon of Shakspeare. The assembled multitude commence laughing, upon which Sir Thomas drives them away with his stick.

The Second Act is laid in London.

SCENE I. *The outside of the Falcon Tavern, with the Globe, Hope, and Swan Theatres in the distance*. Burbage and Tarleton come from

the tavern. We learn from them that Queen Elizabeth has proposed a prize of her own picture in diamonds for the best poem in praise of Tragedy or Comedy, and that Dr. Orthodox (Master of the Revels) is engaged on such a composition.

SCENE II. *The outside of the Globe Theatre.* Shakspeare arrives just as Lord Southampton is about to enter the Globe, and saves him from being plunged into the river by an unruly horse.

SCENE IV. *The house of Dr. Orthodox,* where Shakspeare calls in order to obtain the warrant for his performance of Hamlet, such being the law, (according to Mr. Somerset.) The Master of the Revels is staunch for the three unities, which Shakspeare opposes by precept and example; and being reproached with his ignorance of Aristotle, and asked who had taught him, he replies that he had learnt all he knew from his country school-mistress, Dame Nature. Shakspeare only procures the licence to act his Hamlet by showing a signet ring given him by his patron, Lord Southampton, in the previous scene.

The last scene is, *The Audience Chamber in the palace of Elizabeth.* The Queen is seated in state, surrounded by her nobility. Her dress is peculiarly splendid, and is copied with exactness from the celebrated print by Pass. After news has been brought of the defeat of the Armada, the prize poems on Tragedy and Comedy are called for, and Elizabeth decides at once in favour of Shakspeare, because the epic of Dr. Orthodox was "too long even for a lawyer's bill." A further trial of skill in extempore verse is afterwards proposed, in which Tarleton, Burbage, Dr. Orthodox, and Shakspeare contend, to the advantage of the latter, who repeats four of his own verses, and the piece ends with the placing of the portrait of the Queen round the neck of Shakspeare by the hands of Elizabeth herself.

The trifling merits of this drama have been considerably over-rated by many of the newspaper critics, for it literally has no plot; and the incidents and dialogue by no means compensate for this deficiency; and, moreover, the drama abounds with disgusting incongruities; for we have a rustic, who can neither read nor write, perfectly acquainted with heathen mythology, and talking as familiarly of Jupiter and Juno as he should of carts and horses; and we have actors placed on a par with the first noblemen in the land. Now though Tarleton was allowed to enter the audience chamber of the Queen on account of his being a jester, Burbage never was. We could point out many more inconsistencies, but it is not worth the trouble, as the public have judged for themselves, and the drama will shortly be consigned to oblivion.

The author, a Mr. Somerset, in a letter to the Editor of the *Times*, endeavoured to account for the total want of plot by stating, that it was originally intended to have been produced in five acts, but at the advice of Charles Kemble he reduced it to its present humble state. Mr. Somerset adds, that he is now engaged in preparing a drama for representation, to be called *Shakspeare's Latter Days*.

Of the acting and characters we have but little to say. Charles Kemble looked wonderfully young as the hero, and wore a remarkably studious and poetical look. Mr. Bartley was boisterous, and by his appearance did not give the lie to the constant phrase “by the rotundity of our person.” Keeley, in the absence of jokes, cracked nuts. Blanchard, as the pedant and warm admirer of the three unities, acted with great humour; his scene with Kemble was admirably well sustained. Meadows made the drawling clerk one of the most amusing personages in the drama. The scenery was very correct and beautiful, especially the view of Stratford across the river Avon.

FRIDAY, October 30.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

SATURDAY, October 31.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*; Somerset.—
The Waterman; Dibdin.—*The Robber's Wife*; Pococke.

MONDAY, November 2.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

TUESDAY, November 3.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The First of May*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

WEDNESDAY, November 4.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Three and the Deuce*.—The Three Singles, by Mr. Balls, who was much applauded.

THURSDAY, November 5.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The First of May*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

FRIDAY, November 6.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Home, Sweet Home*; Pococke. Madame Germain, Miss Forde.

We cannot congratulate this actress on her performance; she wants that apparent lightness of heart and vivacity of manner which Madame Vestris displayed. Mr. Diddier is the most awkward representative of a lover we ever met.

SATURDAY, November 7.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The Waterman*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

MONDAY, November 9.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Woodman's Hut*.

TUESDAY, November 10.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The Robber's Wife*.—*Three and the Deuce*.

WEDNESDAY, November 11.—*Romeo and Juliet.*—*Husbands and Wives*; Pococke.

THURSDAY, November 12.—*Shakspeare's Early Days.*—*Katherine and Petruchio.*—*The Robber's Wife.*—Katherine, Mrs. Chatterly.

FRIDAY, November 13.—*Romeo and Juliet.*—*Home, Sweet Home.*

SATURDAY, November 14.—*Shakspeare's Early Days.*—*The Waterman.*—*The Robber's Wife.*

MONDAY, November 16.—*Romeo and Juliet.*—*The Woodman's Hut.*

THURSDAY, November 17.—*The Night before the Wedding, and the Wedding Night.*—*The Robber's Wife.*

Dramatis Personæ.—Sir Lionel Lorimer (Colonel of Infantry), Mr. Wood; Valentine Acton (a young Captain), Mr. DEAN (his first appearance on any stage); Cleveland, Mr. IRWIN; Neville, Mr. HENRY; Alton, Mr. FULLER; Woodstock, Mr. PURDAY; Villars, Mr. RANSFORD; Mowbray, Mr. MEARS; Wilton, Mr. C. TETT; Rugby, Mr. SHEGOG; Justice Rigid, Mr. G. STANSBURY; Torpid (Valet to the Colonel), Mr. MEADOWS; Hector (Valet to the Captain), Mr. J. RUSSELL; Jocelyn (a Peasant), Mr. DURUSET; Portlock, Mr. EVANS; Malvina, Miss HUGHES; Rose (a Peasant Girl), Miss H. CAWSE.

The opera opens with the midnight revels of Sir Lionel and his friends. After a stunning chorus in praise of Bacchus, Sir Lionel informs his party that he is to be married the following night, and shows them the portrait of the lady. Valentine recognises it to be that of his beloved Malvina, between whom a reciprocal affection had once existed, which had been broken off through the supposed infidelity of Valentine. Hector, on knowing that his master wishes to be reinstated in the lady's affection, instantly undertakes that Sir Lionel shall be supplanted. This is the entire business of the first act.

The scenes of the second act are laid at an abbey, where Malvina is residing in a state of great privacy, according to the directions left in her uncle's will. Hector and Valentine arrive at the abbey, disguised as minstrels; but Sir Lionel, who, through an intercepted letter, had become acquainted with their intentions, orders them to be thrown into separate dungeons; but Jocelyn, having duplicate keys, releases them. Sir Lionel's invited guests arrive, and the supposed bride enters veiled. Sir Lionel takes her hand, and advances towards the chapel, when, to the astonishment of all parties, they are met by Valentine and Malvina, already married, for Rose had ingeniously personated the supposed bride.

The opera is literally translated by Mr. Fitzbates, and its ill success may be attributed to the slovenly and contemptible manner in which it is written. The overture is a very pleasing composition, and more remarkable for its sweetness than novelty. The general character of the music is not so good as we expected, for the choruses are more loud than harmonious; but some of the airs are extremely melodious, particularly the one allotted to Mr. Wood, in the first act, which was given by that talented singer with a purity and feeling that captivated all portions of the audience. Mr. Wood also acted his part with much sprightliness.

Mr. Dean was very kindly received. His voice is powerful and melodious, but his singing betrays a total absence of expression or interest in the words of his songs. If, however, he had been gifted with a voice whose powers had equalled the fabled syrens, it could not have atoned for his clownish gait and awkward deportment; indeed, Mr. Kemble's Leon does not afford a more consummate picture of partial idiotism than Mr. Dean presented this evening. We are aware that Mr. Sinclair and Mr. T. Cook are no disciples of Chesterfield, yet their actions and appearance are even graceful and gentlemanly compared to Mr. Dean.

Miss Hughes had but a trifling character to sustain; her first song was given with much sweetness. Miss H. Cawse looked very arch and lively, and sung and acted with great applause. Mr. J. Russell played an intriguing valet very cleverly, and gave some very intricate compositions with great musical precision. Mr. Duru-set, in the part of a half-witted peasant, acted with far more humour and discretion than we should have given him credit for possessing. He was much applauded, and not more so than he deserved.

The opera was not well received; a circumstance by no means surprising, when we consider that the plot is vilely constructed, and almost barren of incident; and that there were three long duets, besides other pieces of music, which did not possess one agreeable note. The house was very full.

WEDNESDAY, November 18.—*Romeo and Juliet.—Husbands and Wives.*

THURSDAY, November 19.—*The Night before the Wedding, and the Wedding Night.—The Irish Tutor.—Master's Rival.*

The opera was considerably curtailed, and went off better than the first night. The house was miserably empty.

FRIDAY, November 20.—*Romeo and Juliet.—Home, Sweet Home.*

SATURDAY, November 21.—*Shakspeare's Early Days.—Ballet.—The Wedding Day.*

The interlude of *The Poor Soldier* was transformed into the Ballet, and went off very well.

MONDAY, November 23.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Woodman's Hut*.

TUESDAY, November 24.—*The Night before the Wedding, and the Wedding Night*.—*Ballet*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

WEDNESDAY, November 25.—*Romeo and Juliet*—*Ballet*.—*The Poachers*.

THURSDAY, November 26.—*The Royal Fugitive*; Kemble.—*Ballet*.—*Home, Sweet Home*.

Though styled in the bills a new drama, *The Royal Fugitive* is merely *The Wanderer*, under another title. An interesting account of this play will be found among our Miscellanies. The present Lord Chamberlain is not so scrupulous as the preceding ones; for the scene this evening was allowed to be laid in Scotland, as originally written. The characters were cast to-night as follows:—

Prince Charles, Mr. WARDE; Duke of Athol, Mr. DIDDEAR; Colonel Cope, Mr. BLANCHARD; General Campbell, Mr. WOOD; Sandy, Mr. J. RUSSELL; Duchess of Athol, Miss ELLEN TREE; Flora Macdonald, Miss CAWSE.

While the original cast was,

Prince Sigismund, Mr. C. KEMBLE; Count Valdestein, Mr. POPEN; Count Sparre, Mr. BRUNTON; Colonel Baner, Mr. BLANCHARD; Gustavus Adolphus, Mr. CLAREMONT; Ramsay, Mr. Fawcett; Countess Valdenstein, Miss SMITH; Christina, Miss NORTON.

Charles, after the unfortunate issue of the last battle, is obliged to take shelter in the house of the Duke of Athol, one of his bitterest enemies. The Duke is from home, but the Duchess discovers him, and resolves to conceal him till an opportunity offers of escape. The dilemmas into which this resolution brings her, and the artifice to which she is obliged to resort, in order to maintain *the rights of hospitality*, constitute the business and interest of the piece. After numerous impediments, she is successful. Prince Charles escapes, and her offence is pardoned.

Charles Kemble's personation of the unfortunate prince was much admired; and it is to be regretted, that the character was assigned to other hands this evening. Warde's acting was saturnine and heavy, and his tones, as usual, betrayed a most unhappy modulation of voice. Miss E. Tree displayed great talent in the part of the Duchess; in the scene where it is necessary to pass the prince off for her husband, and that where the Duke magnanimously calls himself an impostor, to save the prince's life, her acting approached to a point of excellence. The original music was composed by Davy.

but this evening was omitted for some very pretty Scotch airs, composed by Mr. J. Stansbury, which were given, with great effect, by Mr. Wood and Miss Cawse.

The drama was announced for repetition with applause.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS theatre opened on the 29th of September. The company has undergone a few alterations since last season. Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Sinclair, and Miss Graddon have left, and Mr. O. Smith, Mr. J. Reeve, and Mrs. Fitzwilliams (the Vestris of the minor theatres,) appeared in their places. A variety of novelties have been produced in rapid succession; the most successful of these is a burletta in two acts, called *Love laughs at Bailiffs*, (in which Mathews plays a follower of the law, infected with the mania of constantly singing snatches of old songs with infinite humour,) and a broad burlesque, entitled *Billy Taylor*, which demands a larger notice than what we generally assign to such productions. The burlesque is stated in the bills to be founded on the old ballad of that name, "Billy Taylor." J. Reeve, who is described as a cannibal, as he lives upon his father, is of course attached to Mary Wagstaff, (Mrs. Fitzwilliams,) whose charms have made a deep impression on Carolus Lanterino, (O. Smith,) one of the late misnamed guardians of the night; who, determined to supplant his rival, raises the devil, *a la Caspar*, and throws in the charmed caldron the knee-buckle of a black-leg, one of the balls of a pawn-broker's sign, the conscience of a Marshalsea attorney, and a lady's complexion lost in a ball room.

The devil makes his appearance in the person of a chancery barrister; the usual forms are gone through respecting the arrangement of Carolus' soul, and the devil promises, that under the likeness of a beautiful female, he will contrive that William shall prove false to Mary, and be pressed on board a ship. The devil keeps his word; and Carolus now becomes one of the new police, and endeavours to win the heart of Mary in that guise; but she spurns his addresses, terming him "an unboiled lobster," and resolves to "follow her true love," according to the story of the ballad. Carolus grows desperate, and enlists in the service of the enemy. After an excellent scene of madness and repentance, he is carried off by the afore-mentioned chancery barrister, and the lovers are made happy.

The audience were kept in a constant roar of laughter. Though indeed Reeve and O. Smith's acting is, of its kind, the most amusing we ever witnessed, the almost overwhelming drollery and Listonian

graces of Reeve, are admirably contrasted with the dry, stiff humour of O. Smith. A combat is introduced between these worthies. Though it is not equal to the fencing scene between the latter and Keely in the *Spring Lock*, one of Peake's most happy conceits, it is very ridiculous. Several of the scenes in *Romeo and Juliet* are very happily produced, as well as the ballad of, "I have plucked the fairest flower," (sung by Reeve). Mrs. Fitzwilliams looked the love-stricken damsel just escaped from a boarding-school to the very life, and sung several airs with much sweetness.

Mr. Buckstone is the author, and we cannot help complimenting him for the rich vein of comic satire he has displayed.

On Monday, November the 16th, a new melo-drama, entitled *The Sisters, or the Brigands of Albano*. The main incident is similar to that in the *Sister of Charity*, namely, a female being condemned to death for attempting to convey food to her lover, one of the brigands; but the denouement differs materially, inasmuch as the *Sister of Charity* is really Nannette's sister, and does effect her escape, and when about to suffer for the offence, a party of brigands, headed by the lover of Nannette, rush upon the soldiers and kill them, while the brigand's pardon is obtained by an officer from his having saved his life.

This drama was received with considerable disapprobation, and indeed is altogether a most worthless production. Yates plays a generous fag with much ability, and O. Smith looked quite majestic and elegant in his robber's garb.

COBURG THEATRE.

MONDAY, November 9.—*The Jew of Canada*, (styled in the bills, a new Burletta, in five Acts, "by a Gentleman of literary eminence.")

THE gentleman of literary eminence is rather addicted to plagiarism, for many of the incidents and characters are taken, with very little variation, from Cumberland's comedy of *The Jew*. It was very powerfully cast; Downton (and we feel grieved at having to record his appearance at this theatre, for the shilling orders have not been refused) played the Jew; and, as we have so largely commented on his merits in another part of this number, it will be sufficient to say that, though he may have represented the character to a more polished audience, he never did to a more delighted one, for the applause in some parts was absolutely deafening. Gattie played a

warm-hearted sailor with more than his wonted spirit. Miss Booth, as a distressed and persecuted damsel, excited much sympathy. Mr. Burroughs was a very gay lively gentleman, and Mr. Davidge a very peppery one. Mr. Gomersal was a villain, and Mrs. Davidge, as the thoughtless extravagant young wife of the Jew, excited much laughter. All the other characters were well supported by Cobham, Conquest, Sloman, Mortimer, and Miss Watson.

The burletta of *The Young Widow* followed, in which Miss Booth displayed much versatility of talent as the heroine, though we cannot say she looked like a young widow. The whole concluded with Dibdin's laughable farce of *What next?*

November 23d, a new petite piece, by H. Milner, called *Woman's Wit*, or *Who's to have Him?* The interest of this drama lies in the strange stratagem of a young lady, who to secure her lover, disguises herself in the garb of her brother, to whom she bears a strong resemblance, and thus appears to her lover in double characters, and finally, effects the conquest of his heart and hand. The acting chiefly devolves upon Miss S. Booth, who acquitted herself very creditably. Mr. W. Burroughs as the enviable object of Miss Booth's love, was very spirited and correct. This gentleman, in light comedy, is equal to many of the actors on the boards of our winter theatres.

Another novelty followed, entitled *Dead Men's Shoes*, also from the pen of Mr. H. Milner. The incidents are farcical in the extreme, and excited the most uproarious tokens of approbation.

Downton represents a hypochondriacal gentleman, who imagines himself to be infected with every disease to which the human frame is subjected. Mr. Burroughs plays the part of his nephew, as rakish and extravagant a young man as is to be found in any of Morton's or Reynolds's comedies. He is, moreover, in love with an apothecary's niece (Gattie), who vainly endeavours to persuade Downton that he is well. Miss S. Booth plays the part of a romping girl, sister to Burroughs, who is always full of fun and mischief. One of her freaks is to announce the death of her uncle (Downton) in the London newspapers. The nephew comes down in a great hurry, with a number of his fashionable acquaintance, and a hearse, drawn by eight horses, to bury his uncle, who being let in the secret by his niece, pretends death, and by that means discovers his nephew's extravagant qualities.

All these characters were remarkably well sustained. Sloman also, as a stupid sort of servant to Gattie, contributed his share to the general amusement. There was an underplot, in which Mrs. Davidge and Mr. Conquest were the principal performers.

SURREY THEATRE.

The only novelty at this theatre, during the past month, of any importance, was the performance of Walter Scott's drama of the *House of Aspen*, which appeared in one of the annuals. It was, though well cast, only played three nights.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.

November 23.—This theatre was re-opened under an entire new management. During the two or three weeks it remained closed, it has undergone sundry alterations, both of a convenient and ornamental nature; a rather splendid chandelier has also been introduced. The performances commenced with the *Marriage of Figaro*. The Count, Mr. Vining; Antonio, Mr. Williams; Fernando, Mr. Melrose; Figaro, Mr. A. Lee. The Countess, Miss A. Tree; Susannah, Mrs. Waylett; Page, Miss G. Absolem.

A very amusing ballet, composed by M. Simon, of the King's Theatre, followed, entitled, *L'Amour a-la-Mode; or, The Dandy in Distress*, which elicited great laughter.

A new piece, by Mr. Lunn, entitled, *False and Constant*, and written expressly for this theatre, concluded the evening's entertainment; it was perfectly successful. The house was very full.

OLYMPIC.

November 23.—This theatre opened this evening, under the direction of Mr. M'Wild, the late manager of the West London. The performances commenced with *The Pilot*. The shilling order system is pursued here.

MISCELLANIES.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

VOLTAIRE, noticing this play, observes, "The English have a tragedy of the death of Cæsar, written by the Duke of Buckingham. There is one in Italian, by the Abbé Conti, a Venetian nobleman. These performances agree but in this particular, that there is no love in either of them." Neither of these authors debased this grand subject with an intrigue of gallantry; but about five and thirty years ago, one of the greatest wits of France* having joined with Miss Barbier to compose a Julius Cæsar, he took care to represent Cæsar and Brutus as lovers, and as jealous of each other.

THE SPANISH FRIAR AND QUEEN MARY.

The following anecdote is, we think, one of the most interesting that has yet appeared in our collection;—

This play being upon the stock-list when King William ascended the throne, the Queen unwittingly ordered it for representation at the time the King was in Ireland and she was left regent. But the confusion arising from so many supposed allusions to her new situation, which occurred in the representation of it, was such as, perhaps, never occurred from theatrical accident before. The facts are so curious, that we shall lay before our readers the following extract of a letter, written by Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, to a person of fashion, name unknown, announcing the particulars, a copy of which letter was in the possession of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, some years ago.

"The only day Her Majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, happened to be the *Spanish Friar*, the only play forbidden by the late King. Some unhappy expressions, amongst which those that follow, put her into the greatest disorder, and frequently forced her to hold up her fan, and often look behind, and call for her palatine and hood, or any thing she could think of; whilst those who were in the pit before her, constantly turned their heads over their shoulders, to see how she bore the application of what was said. In one place, where the Queen of Arragon is going to church in procession, it is said, by a spectator,

'Very good! she usurps the throne,
Keeps the old King in prison, and, at the same time,
Is praying for a blessing on the army.'

Again:

'Who is it that can flatter a court like this?
Can I soothe tyranny? seem pleas'd to see my
Royal master murder'd, his crown usurp'd,
A distaff on the throne?'

* Fontenelle.

R R

Again :

‘ What title has this Queen but lawless force? and force
Must pull her down.’

“ Twenty more things were said in the play, which faction applied to the Queen ; and though it never could be originally intended, it furnished the town with talk, till something else happened,” &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—AN old cousin of mine, a great naturalist, and moreover an enthusiastic admirer of the drama and its adherents, has lately died, and directed in his will that the following articles in his museum should be given to certain members of the Thespian corps, whose names are hereunder specified. I trust you will give the list a place in your magazine, that the different persons mentioned may call, and claim their bequests.

A whale and a porpoise, to . . .	Mr. Weekes and Mr. Andrews.
A magpie	Mr. Harley.
A pigeon	Mr. Price.
Two sheep dogs (rare barkers) . .	Messrs. Cooper and Warde.
Several Boars*	Mr. Horrebow, Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Diddear.
A tomtit	Mr. Keeley.
A redpole	Mrs. Orger.
A bear	Mr. Fawcett.
A gander	Mrs. Geesin.
A screech owl	Mrs. H. Corri.
A bat	Mr. Thompson.
Apes and chameleons	Mathews and Yates.
A water-wagtail	Madame Vestris.
A nightingale	Lady W. Lennox.
An ourang-outang	Mr. Gouffe.
Ninnyhammers	Mr. Sapiro and Mr. Dean.
A swan	Miss Chester.
A fine stag	Mr. Bunn.
A butterfly	Mr. Green.
A dormouse	Mr. Egerton.
Guinea fowls	Mr. Broadhurst, and the other dim- mer singers.
Turtle doves	Mr. Farren and Mrs. Faucit.
A peacock	Mr. Serle.

SIR GILES OVERREACH.

THIS detestable character, it appears from the following, was not the creation of Massinger :—

“ Sir Giles Mompesson had fortune enough in the country to make him happy, if that sphere could have contained him ; but the vulgar and universal error of satiety with present enjoyments, made

* Sometimes spelt — Bores.

him too big for a rustical condition, and when he came to court he was too little for that, so that some novelty must be taken up to set him in equilibrio to the place he was in; no matter what it was, let it be never so pestilent and mischievous to others, he cared not, so he found benefit by it. To him Michel is made compartner; a poor sneaking justice, that lived among the brothels near Clartton-wel, whose clerk and he picked a livelihood out of those corners, giving warrants for what they did, besides anniversary stipends (the frequent revenue of some justices of those times) for conniving. This thing was a poisonous plant in its own nature, and the fitter to be an ingredient to such a composition, whereby he took liberty to be more ravenous upon poor people, to the grating of the bones, and sucking out the very marrow of their substance."—*Wilson's Life of James I.* fol. 1652.

WALPOLE, ON TRAGEDY.

THE excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal to that of the great men we have produced in other walks:—

"Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakspeare; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular, and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a kind of placid pleasing in Rowe, and even shone in his *Jane Shore*. In Southerne, it appeared a genuine ray of nature and of Shakspeare, but, falling on an age still more hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, trag-i-comedies. It turned to tuneful nonsense in *The Mourning Bride*; grew stark mad in Lee; whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Young; yet in both was still a poet's cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton; who were afraid it should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timid but amiable hand: and then it languished."

ROMEO AND JULIET.—A DISTRESSING SITUATION.

In Romeo and Juliet, as written by Shakspeare, the heroine, when she wakes, made use of a dagger which belonged to Romeo. In Garrick's alteration, Juliet leaves the dagger on the table, to prevent being forced to marry Paris, should the draught not take effect; consequently she has no other resource than the dagger in Romeo's girdle. This practice continued (and without accident) for several seasons after Garrick's first revival of the piece: but in Cibber's last season at Covent Garden, when playing Juliet with Barry, she fumbled and fumbled,—no dagger was to be found; at last, evidently much distressed, she held up her delicate fist (which was really so) and ideally plunged the weapon to her heart. The audience did not laugh, but applauded, from respect to her talents; but the instant the curtain dropped, laughter prevailed throughout the theatre; and from that night Juliet has ever trusted to her own care that necessary plaything the dagger.

LETTERS OF ADVICE.

WE have received several contradictory letters respecting the management of our Magazine, some of which we proceed to lay before our readers:—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

“ As your well-wisher, I am grieved to find that you have introduced a poem, entitled the ‘ Dramatic Gallery,’ as it occupies a space which would be much better filled with extracts from the new plays, or an account of the intrigues and sayings of the principal actresses of the day; such as, Miss Fanny Kemble asked her mamma how she liked her Canova; that fascinating favourite, Vestris, has discarded handsome Jack, and turned to her old flame, the ——; or, Miss C——e has left the protection of Lord F——e. Any little anecdote of this description you will find greatly to increase the sale of the Magazine, and will much oblige your obedient servant,

“ W. B.”

The Editor begs to assure W. B. that the “ Dramatic Gallery” will be discontinued for the future, and he will be indefatigable in his exertions to procure the earliest green-room intelligence, and will not only have spies placed in the theatre, and *in certain* streets of the metropolis, but that he will arrange with several of the newspaper paragraph-writers for that purpose.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

“ I am delighted with your Magazine, and especially with your poem of the ‘ Dramatic Gallery,’ which I boldly affirm to be one of the most just and well-written pieces of dramatic satire which have appeared for some time, and am, therefore, surprised that you omitted it in your last number, for extracts from two plays, which the waves of oblivion have already rolled over. I commend your good sense in not paying any attention to the nauseous stuff which appears in the papers about our actresses.

“ Your admirer, “ C. L.”

C. L. is informed that the poem of the “ Dramatic Gallery” will be continued in every number.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

“ I am one of a party of four who take in your Magazine, and am commissioned by them to write to you, and state, that we have been much amused with reading the stories of the new plays, but that you ought to say a great deal more about them; therefore, you should visit all the theatres in London, especially the West London and Sadler’s Wells, instead of giving a parcel of strange anecdotes of Garrick, Macklin, &c., who, I am sure, nobody cares about.

“ ELIZABETH I——R.”

The Editor presents his compliments to Miss Elizabeth I. and her three friends, and begs most respectfully to say, that all the miscellaneous articles for the future shall be omitted, and the theatrical journal considerably enlarged.

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

" As a subscriber to your work from the commencement, I think myself entitled to give you a few words of advice. That your miscellanies contain a greater fund of theatrical information than I have ever met with, is a fact I readily admit; indeed, it is proved by most of the articles having been copied into almost every paper in the kingdom. My object in writing this letter, is to complain of the extensive length of your journal;—why will you persist in giving a minute detail of the plot of every new drama, the accounts of which are as tedious to read as they are to witness? Trusting that you will see the necessity of attending to my wishes, I am yours, &c.

" W. W. T."

The Editor begs to inform W. W. T. that the journal shall be considerably curtailed, and the miscellaneous articles increased.

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

" You are a very naughty man, and I can't abide you, for you have broken the promise made to your subscribers in the prospectus, for there you promised that all the new songs should be given: now, I have in vain searched among your pages for ' Susan had Lovers,' ' Look from the Topmast's Tower,' ' I cannot be a Nun, Sir,'—and how could you omit all the enchanting productions of the sublime author of ' Fly away pretty Moth,' and ' I'd be a Butterfly?'

MARY ——."

The Editor fears he must plead guilty to Miss Mary's accusation; but he begs most respectfully to state, that all the new songs in future shall be inserted.

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

" I am surprised that a work, which displays so much critical accuracy and knowledge as yours, should sully your pages with all the trash of the song-writers of the day; if the authors have the temerity to publish the songs in their stolen productions, why should you be so cruel as to inflict them upon your readers? I pri'hee avoid it for the future.

" Your friend and admirer, J. B."

The Editor will be careful to cultivate the good opinion of J. B.; and therefore declares, that not any of the new songs shall be inserted for the future.

We have selected a few of the letters of our numerous correspondents, and find that in our anxious endeavours not to displease any body, like the man and the ass, we have pleased nobody. We therefore think we may boldly venture to declare, that the Magazine will be continued in future on the same plan as heretofore, saving a trifling alteration in the size of the type, in order to obtain more room. An address of thanks to those, who have so greatly forwarded the success of this Magazine by their friendly contributions, as well as to the subscribers in general, will appear in the ensuing number, with the Title-page and Index.

DOWTON.

AT the commencement of every winter season, we constantly hear the question asked, "Why is Dowton not engaged? I am sure he ought to be;" and every time that we see his characters assigned to other hands, the same question is repeated, with strong marks of surprise and regret. To the "why?" we cannot give an answer; the "ought" does not require one; for Dowton is, without any exception, the most chaste and natural comedian of the present day. As his merits seem to be strangely overlooked by the managers, we cannot occupy a few pages with a more interesting or appropriate subject.

The great charm of Dowton's acting consists in his observance of Shakspeare's precept; he never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature." He does not seek to provoke laughter by grimace, or any grotesque contortions of body; his humour is like the humour of Molière or Congreve; it flows from the character, and is not incongruously super-induced upon it. In reading the dramas of those writers, we are delighted with their wit, because it is mostly bestowed upon such persons only as may be supposed to employ it; they devised the character, and then gave it language and sentiment which were suitable, instead of ostentatiously pouring forth their stores, without any regard to nature, or the semblance of reality. Of a similar description is the humour of Dowton. We find in actors, as in dramatic writers, men who make you laugh, not because they observe, but because they violate nature. A performance may be eminently ludicrous, from the number of incongruities blended in it; but it may be as eminently a deviation from nature, and then it is not acting, but buffoonery. If Liston were to play Hamlet, if Mathews Macbeth, or Harley, Romeo, few probably could witness the performance without immoderate laughter; but who would venture to say that those characters were correctly delineated? To create a laugh, therefore, is not the infallible criterion of comic genius, in the proper acceptation of the term; even in characters that are essentially comic, the laughter excited by their representation is often produced by the actor, who mistakes his part, and substitutes his own power of ridiculous personation for that which ought to be elicited by the scope and meaning of the author. This radical misconception, or wilful exaggeration, of a character, is often regarded as the evidence of great comic talent; but, however amusing it may be, and however irresistible in its appeal to our risible faculties, it is only a proof that the actor is capable of becoming a merry buffoon, and utterly incapable of transfiguring himself into his part. It is the same in tragedy as in comedy. Attitudes, starts, and cadences may be very fine, abstractedly considered; but if they are introduced where they ought not—if they be blended with characters and situations, where they are obviously unnatural, they must be regarded as blemishes, and condemned upon every principle of sound taste.

No actor that ever trod the stage within our remembrance, with the exception of Bannister, excelled Dowton, in his studious abstinence from all such faults; hence the reason why Dowton appears

to so much more advantage in what is termed legitimate comedy, than in the patch-work and unnatural productions of the present day.

Nor is it only in characters of genuine comedy that he excels; in those which demand pathos and sensibility, he is equally excellent. He excites the sympathy of his auditors by a different process from that of the tragedian; for his appeal is not strengthened by those lugubrious adjuncts, which give efficacy to the representations of tragedy—the pall, the dagger, the cup, the solemn look, the stately march, and the measured tone of declamation are omitted, and yet he touches the heart as effectually as ever did a *Siddons* or *O'Neil*. Whoever has seen him in *Sheva* and *Captain Storm*, to mention no other characters, must acknowledge this. This power over the feelings is secured by a sort of manly, honest, and benevolent tenderness, which the familiar scenes of life so frequently present. Heroes and kings mourn and weep for objects which cannot often come within the contemplation of ordinary men, and our affections are less easily roused for their sufferings; but when we see the humanity and generosity of *Sheva* aiding virtue, or the valour of *Storm* defending innocence, we feel that if we were placed in a similar situation, we should act just the same. Mr. Dowton has also appeared in the highest walks of tragedy with success, for his performance of *Shylock*, at the wish of Lord Byron, was highly creditable to his understanding, some portions of which we proceed to lay before our readers. The manner in which he received the proposal of *Antonio*, to lend three thousand ducats, by reminding him of the indignities he had heretofore heaped upon him, was finely expressive of malignant sarcasm, and presented a sort of prophetic glimpse of that fierce hatred which rankled in his heart, and only wanted the occasion to wreak its direst schemes of vengeance. As a counterpart to this, we would select the way in which he communicated the conditions which the bond should contain; as if conscious that he had already roused the suspicions of *Antonio*, he affected a careless, jocular manner, when proposing that the penalty or forfeiture should be a pound of flesh, thus disarming the vigilance of his meditated victim, and giving to the transaction that character of "merry sport," which he wished it to assume. These were proofs of Mr. Dowton's judgment, which deserved applause. On the trial also, he exhibited another instance of accurate discernment:—baffled in his project of sacrificing *Antonio*, denied his money, and stripped of all his worldly fortune, he manifested that anguish which such a defeat and such calamity might be supposed to produce; but when he hears that he must turn *Christian*, all his fortitude forsakes him, and he falls into the arms of the attendants. This was a happy touch of nature; for, to a character like *Shylock*, who abhors the very name of *Christian*, what fate could be so disastrous, as the necessity of becoming one to save his life. How much more just was this action of Dowton's, to the far-famed look of scorn Kean bestows on *Gratiano*, at his final exit.

(*To be Continued.*)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

SIR.—Supposing your very entertaining periodical is intended to embrace every thing that is connected, either directly or indirectly, with the drama, I am induced to submit to you a few remarks on certain injurious consequences which I have found to result from attendance on some theatres. Having lately met with several fatal cases of apoplexy, which occurred in the large theatres, and some a few hours after having left them, I have been induced to investigate the cause, and, I think, with some success. I find that all the patients were, either from make or temperament, predisposed to the disease, and that all had previously complained of experiencing giddiness or head-ache after having been about two hours in a theatre lighted with gas: it appears to me, that the strong vivid light, evolved from the numerous gas-lamps on the stage, so powerfully stimulates the brain, through the medium of the optic nerves, as to occasion a preternatural determination of blood to the head, capable of producing head-ache or giddiness; and if the subject should at the time laugh heartily, the additional influx of blood which takes place may rupture a vessel, the consequence of which will be, from the effusion of blood within the substance of the brain, or on its surface, fatal apoplexy. All the cases of apoplexy which have occurred in the theatres confirm this supposition; for it appears, that, when attacked, the patients were laughing heartily. I have also observed, that nervous people, who are not predisposed to apoplexy, are very subject to head-ache the day after visiting the theatre, which I attribute to the stimulating effects of the brilliant gas-lights on the optic nerves, and ultimately on the brain. From the numerous inquiries I have made among my brethren, who have been many years in practice in this metropolis, it appears to me, that the votaries of the drama were by no means so subject to apoplexy or nervous head-ache before the adoption of gas-lights. Some of my medical friends are of opinion, that the air of a theatre is very considerably deteriorated by the combustion of gas, and that the consumption of oxygen, and the new products, and the escape of hydrogen, occasion congestion of the vessels of the head; and I think it probable, that the deterioration of the air may act in conjunction with the vivid light, in producing either apoplexy or nervous head-ache. I find that the actors are also subject not only to head-ache, but weakness of sight, from the action of the powerfully vivid light evolved from the combustion of gas, and that they often experience attacks of giddiness, although the stage is much better ventilated than the body of the theatre. It is also worthy of notice, that the pupils of the eyes of all actors or actresses, who have been two or three years on the stage, are much dilated. The paint, which some of them use, may have an injurious effect on the organs of vision, particularly the common red, which contains either the red oxide of lead, or the sulphuret of mercury (vermillion), and the white paint, carbonate of lead (pure white lead, commonly called flake white), all of which are capable of acting injuriously on the optic nerves. The red paint, I suspect, is likewise hurtful, by increasing the glare of light on the eyes. The

article, sold under the name of pearl powder, which is a composition of the subnitrate of bismuth and carbonate of lead, is also capable of weakening the organs of vision, and of paralyzing the muscles of the face, particularly of the upper eye-lids.

If you should think this communication worthy a place in your very interesting and widely circulated publication, I will send for insertion in an early number, directions for making cosmetics, of different colours, which are incapable of acting injuriously either on the optic nerves, the nerves of the face, or on the skin.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHIRO-MEDICUS.

Bolton Row,

Nov. 2, 1829.

GRAND AQUATIC DRAMA.

BOTH the winter theatres are busily engaged in the preparation of an aquatic drama, founded on entirely new principles, and which is expected to prove as advantageous to the treasury as the celebrated aquatic afterpiece of the *Caravan*. The plot is founded on the following strange story, which has appeared in most of the newspapers.

"Some time ago a man was hanged at Calcutta, who was a very good swimmer, and could remain a long while under water. Availing himself of his ability to slide into the place, inclosed with palisadoes, where the Indian ladies go to bathe, he used to seize one, without being seen by the others, and drown her, and then rob her of the jewels which these ladies never lay aside, even when they are bathing. The other ladies, seeing one of their friends disappear suddenly, believed she was carried away by some crocodile. At last it happened that a young lady, who was attacked by this robber, succeeded in escaping from his horrible attempt, and to the great surprise of every body, she told them that she had been attacked, not by a crocodile, but by a man. A search was made for the ruffian; and on being taken, he avowed that he had followed that trade for seven years past."

Report has assigned the murdering swimmer, at one house, to Mr. Cooper, in consequence of the great hit he made in the stabbing Goldsmith; and a severe contest has already arisen amongst those actresses, notoriously fond of appearing in male apparel, who shall personate the bathing ladies, as the actresses who are so fortunate as to be selected for those characters, will have the advantage of displaying the fine symmetry of their forms, in an *almost* unprecedented degree. Madame Vestris, Miss Graddon, Miss Love, Miss Forde, and Miss Bartolozzi, will probably obtain this enviable distinction.

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF MACKLIN.

DR. JOHNSON observed, with humour and truth, that the conversation of Macklin, the comedian, "was an eternal renovation of hope, with an everlasting disappointment: that nature had done something for the fellow, but education had made him a head."

THE REVIVED DRAMA OF THE WANDERER, AT COVENT GARDEN.

THIS drama was altered from the German of Von Kotzebue by Charles Kemble, and produced at Covent Garden on the 12th of January, 1808. Though translated immediately from the German, the original author of the piece was Duval, the French dramatist. So great an effect was produced on the first representation of this drama in Paris, that on the second, the theatre was incapable of containing the vast numbers who flocked from every quarter of the town to witness it; and they who did gain admittance, by applying every incident in the piece to the unhappy situation of their lawful king (at that time a wanderer,) created so alarming a ferment, that Buonaparte, out of his great love and kindness towards his good city of Paris, wisely ordered the play to be withdrawn, and immediately sent the author his gracious permission to travel! Shortly after, Kotzebue obtained Duval's leave to render his manuscript into German; and from Kotzebue's translation was the present drama taken, and adapted to the English theatre; it was then presented to, and accepted by Mr. Colman, for the Haymarket; where it would have been acted, had not the Lord Chancellor, from motives of delicacy, pronounced his *veto*.

The scene of action was now to be altered: fortunately the history of Sweden furnished him with a hero under circumstances similar to those of the Pretender; and although aware that a considerable portion of the interest would be lost, by converting Charles Edward Stuart into a Swedish prince, still it was thought sufficiently rich, in that important quality, to excite the sympathy and rivet the attention of an English audience. The *Wanderer*, therefore, was attired in a Swedish garb.

Lines spoken extempore immediately after Woodward finished his Farewell Address in the character of Marplot.

THOUGH Marplots are the growth of every age,
There is but one that thrives upon the stage :
Each tender sapling only proves, that tries,
The oaky growth is not of modern size :
When Woodward's trunk decays—then Marplot dies.

THE ACTOR'S PRAYER, ADDRESSED TO MERCURY, THE GOD OF ELOQUENCE.

O MERCURY! who presidest over oratory, accept the prayer of your humble petitioner, who, in great humility of heart, prostrates himself before thee; accept his humble supplication, and grant that he may have ability as well as inclination to improve those talents which Lucina and Nature have given him. With a pleasing person give him a graceful action, in order the better to set off and adorn that exterior form; inculcate in him the most proper and adroit attitudes, so as to similarize his gesture, his mien, his features, and every

motion, to the sentiments which his tongue uttereth. Let not his eye be languid, when his sentiment and expression are brisk, vivid, and lively. Let him not stand like a statue when he should move like a hero, a demi-god; and when he should assume the personage of a senator, let him not descend to the manners of a clown. Oh! grant me that happy heart of Proteus, to quit myself, and be in an instant another person, as it were to abdicate my own existence, and, by transmigration, to fly into another character. Let me apply more to the hearts of the audience than to the prompter, and never let my looks be vacant, when they should be fully occupied. Stiffness in carriage, austerity in lineaments, superciliousness to the inferior actors, harshness in temper, barbarity and savageness to the women in the first business, O let me avoid. Banish the first incitements to all such brutal passion: give me to be affable, social, not buoyed up with vanity and self-conceit of my abilities or conduct, my behaviour and execution, theatrical or not; in the business or out of it; behind the curtain, or on the stage; these rude extremes, oh! let me avoid to a degree of niceness, delicacy, and elegance. If the form which *Lucina* hath been pleased to imprint on me be not quite so pleasing as that of my brothers, yet grant me an address suitable to exert and put forth the better part of it, by concealing the worst: but above all, grant me, not to mistake my talents; but let me know the strength of my shoulders, before I take upon me that great and respectable burden of an actor; speak to thy brother Deity, Apollo, to harmonize my face; to *Orpheus*, the minor god, my voice; to *Comus*, my temper; but let *Vulcan* and *Momus* be far from me; let *Thespis* and *Roscius* visit my nightly dreams; and do thou, with thy caduceus, inspire my dreams, till thou hast wafted me to those happy shades where *Shakspeare* and *Johnson* entertain the ancients and moderns in *Elysium*, for ever and ever. Amen.

MR. KEAN

Has been engaged at **Drury-lane Theatre**, and will make his appearance there next week. His engagement took place under the following circumstances:—

He came to town on Sunday the 22d ult, for the purpose of playing three nights for the benefit of **Covent Garden**, and intimated his intention of performing *Richard*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, and *Shylock*, on the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, in the following week. This offer was, however, declined, as *Miss F. Kemble* appeared on those evenings; and Mr. Kean was informed that he might play on the other three nights. He peremptorily refused to act on any other nights but those on which he had been accustomed to appear, and immediately closed with the offer of the lessee of **Drury Lane**, having given up engagements at **Liverpool**, **Manchester**, and **Birmingham**, that he might fulfil his promise to **Covent Garden**.

The forthcoming Drama at the Adelphi Theatre, to introduce the celebrated Elephant from Paris, is the production of Mr. Beazley. The principal performer is the "Illustrious Female Stranger." Her principal biped assistants are Reeve, Buckstone, and Mrs. Fitzwilliams.

The French Plays at the Theatre Royal English Opera House will commence in the middle of January. Laporte has become a proprietor. This enterprising person has been some time in France, collecting a company of a superior order. Portier is engaged; and the season will begin with his performances. Jenny Colon is also retained.

The beautiful little theatre erected by Laporte in the Grand Concert Room at the Italian Opera House, will be opened in December for the performance of Italian Dramas by the pupils from the Royal Academy of Music, and will probably continue until the middle of January, when the King's Theatre will commence its regular season, aided by a vast accession of talent, engaged by Laporte himself, in France, Germany, and Italy.

Madame Malibran Garcia will return to London in April, when, it is said, she will perform a certain number of nights at Drury Lane Theatre.

The Bridgewater folks were last week hoaxed by a man and his wife, under the *nom de guerre* of *Maitland*, who were to give dramatic representations. The first night they issued tickets gratis. The next night, having previously borrowed some clothes for the alleged purpose of performance—incurred some debts—and received money for the tickets they had issued for that night's display of their histrionic talents, they suddenly retreated from that place, and are supposed to have proceeded for the west.

Braham and Miss Betts have been singing in the provinces, with success.

THEATRICALS AT THE HAGUE.

AN unusually respectable and talented company of English comedians have made their first appearance at the royal theatre, which has been granted to them, free of expense, for every Saturday evening during the winter. The tragedy of *Douglas*, and *Raising the Wind*, were acted with great ability. The performances were honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of the Netherlands, Prince Albert of Russia, and a numerous suite. Mr. Kean, Jun. and Mrs. Baily displayed much feeling and judgment as *Young Norval* and *Lady Randolph*.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.

THIS Theatre was opened with the following Address, spoken by Mr. Callcraft:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having been in the constant habit of 'paying my addresses' to you for a period of more than five years, it may be reasonably supposed I have drawn on your patience and on my own eloquence, till both the one and the other are fairly exhausted. If it were also true, as it has been often said, that 'practice makes perfect,' surely *I ought* to be the very essence of perfection; but alas! the contrary is the lamentable fact, and never did I feel myself more at a loss than now, when I present myself before you to announce the opening of our Theatrical Session. You *will* say, and justly, 'Sir, this is all *humbug*; your speech has been announced in the *bill*; you have had time to prepare it; so let us have something worth listening to, or take care of the consequences.' Ladies and Gentlemen, how am I to act? Ever since this unhappy speech has been announced, I have suffered agonies which I shall not detain you by attempting to describe. I foresaw, from the beginning, that the pressure of business inevitably consequent on the opening of the theatre, would prevent me from preparing myself in it. I thought of it; I dreamed of it—I lost my appetite—my rest—my recollection. In my extremity I relied on a friend, and that friend deserted me. In despair, then, I present myself before you, with no preparation beyond zeal in your service, and with no pretensions beyond sincerity, to assure you in plain and humble prose, that we are truly delighted to see you once more within our walls, and to solicit your indulgence for this the *first* of our failures. During the period of my theatrical ministry, it may be fresh in your recollection, that the dramatic sceptre has been wielded by three successive sovereigns—the two first, as you well know, have abdicated; the third is still at his post, and (between ourselves) is not at all disposed to go, as long as you are disposed to keep him. I hardly know to what to compare the manager of a theatre; the simile of a general and his army is trite and exhausted; so taking into consideration the assistance derived from others, I think myself most like a Dublin carman, who, though he conducts the vehicle himself, is always obliged to have a *number* by his side. In our treaties with the different London performers, of leading eminence, we labour under very peculiar and local diffi-

culties; the sea which divides us from the sister island, is a barrier so terrific, that nothing but the vision of an El-Dorado beyond, will ever induce them to cross it. They always plead (in mitigation of damages) a boisterous passage, and a contrary wind; but, however the wind may blow when they leave England, yet, through your liberality, when they leave Ireland, they invariably contrive to 'raise the wind,' and to very good purpose. From your late patronage of the Italian operas, I had some idea of delivering this my royal oration in the *Italian* language; but I recollect in time, that to render it palatable in that shape, it should be sung, and I am sorry to say that at present my singing is not at a premium. I shall, therefore, without further delay, proceed to acquit myself, like a true and loyal minister, of the official part of my deputyship.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I have it in command from his Theatrical Majesty, the Lessee, to acquaint you, that he continues to receive the most friendly assurances from his Allies in London and elsewhere, the greater part of whom, in the course of the present Season, will have the honour of appearing before you.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—(To the Gallery)—The estimates for the several branches of our expenses have been prepared, by which it will be seen that a very considerable expenditure must be necessarily *incurred*, and under these circumstances, while every other Monarch is at peace, his Theatrical Majesty is obliged to appeal to his people to enable him to 'carry on the war.' The great advantage of our Government, however, lies in this, that all taxes are voluntary, and the payment thereof entirely dependent on the free will of the subject. Writs have been issued for several new members, who will forthwith take their seats; but in a Senate constructed like ours, we shall not require them to take any 'oaths.' His Theatrical Majesty desires me further to say, that he is not particularly anxious which side of the house you take, so long as you come into the house at all; though (to be sure) he would rather the 'Treasury Benches' were full, and the 'Opposition Benches' quite empty.

"Having now stated to you the particulars of our Commission, I move the order of the day (or rather of the night) for the opening of the house, and the despatch of business; but situated as I am, my difficulties are not yet over—for

I stand in a minority of *one*, and am obliged to second my *own* motion, leaving you to decide whether the ayes or the noes are to carry the question."

Loud applause and cries of aye, aye, followed the delivery of this address.

EDINBURGH.

We do not remember to have witnessed a theatrical performance produce a more powerful, irresistible, and unmixed sensation, than that in which Mr. Braham took farewell of the Edinburgh public on the present occasion. The house was crowded to overflowing, and the full influence of this circumstance was felt in all its well-known power, both on the performers and on the audience. The songs with which we were favoured, were, from their variety, well adapted to display this wonderful singer's great versatility of talent; and in all, or very nearly all of them, the feeling produced was electric and overwhelming.

Mr. Braham's genius is universal. His performance of the homely part of Tom Tug, in the *Waterman*, was inimitable. It is a personification of low life without its vulgarities; the character of an honest, right-hearted fellow, just fresh from the hand of nature. Here, with admirable judgment, no embellishments were resorted to, and from beginning to end no *cadence* was heard, save the natural and necessary cadence of the melody. The song, "And have you not heard of a jolly young waterman," was given in the most characteristic and happy style; and the other, "Now farewell my trim-built wherry," with a simple, yet manly pathos, that was truly exquisite. During the whole performance, there was a constant tendency to encore his songs, which was only kept in check by a wish not to tax the performer's powers or good nature. But there was one song at which the torrents of applause were altogether irresistible; and such was the extraordinary excellence of the style in which it was sung, that, if we had never heard Braham in any thing else, he would have lived in our memories for ever. This was the fine national composition, "The Bay of Biscay;" and hacknied as it is, upon this occasion it was presented to us ennobled from all familiar associations. Three times did Braham sing this song, and always with increased effect.

When the curtain fell, he was called for, and gracefully acknowledged the demonstrations of enthusiasm with which he had been received. If an artist's talent is to be estimated by the effect

which it produces, Braham may surely be proud of such an occasion. The applause which he here received was not the ordinary tribute of admiration at the brilliancy of his voice and execution, but arose from his having reached the highest point of art.

At the conclusion of the season, the following Address was delivered by Mr. Murray:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The conclusion of our season demands the annual tribute of our thanks, and yet how to vary the words of my address, so as to avoid the dulness of eternal repetition, I know not. There are many ways of saying the same thing, certainly, but you will not wonder at my present hesitation, when you recollect that I have been *paying my addresses* to you for upwards of sixteen years. On a former occasion, I assumed the dignity of a Lord Commissioner, and ventured to dissolve this our Theatrical House of Lords and Commons; but fatal experience convinced me of my error, and I now present myself before you in the more humble capacity of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; respectfully moving, that you resolve yourselves into a committee of the whole house, while I make a few allusions to the past, and then briefly open my budget of ways and means for the future. The present season commenced most prosperously, and, for a time, promised to repair all previous disasters; but many weeks had not elapsed when events of a very painful nature clouded the public mind, and we, in common with other places of amusement, suffered considerable depression—a depression which, magnified by Madame Rumour with her hundred tongues, deprived us of much of that aid from London on which we had calculated. Indeed, during my late visit to that metropolis, many of my friends expressed their regret that we should have been so often obliged to dismiss our audiences for want of a sufficient attendance. No, no, ladies and gentlemen, however limited the attendance, we knew the difficulty of getting you in too well to let you out again, when once we had you. Alarmed by these reports, 'my stars shone darkly over me,' and, driven to extremities, I decked myself in that irresistible charm, a scarlet jacket, and, in the character of Sergeant Kite, ventured an appeal to the ladies of Edinburgh. It succeeded, and it is, in a great measure, owing to their kindness on that occasion, that our losses are now so much less than we at one time anticipated. That we have suffered, in common with every winter theatre of any

rank in the kingdom, must be ascribed to the general depression of that period; that we have suffered less is owing to your liberality, and we with pleasure acknowledge our obligations. Indeed, last season, public attention was so engrossed by political feelings, that the drama seemed forgotten, even by those who had been its firmest friends; and I have more than once been asked, by residents in Edinburgh, if the theatre was open, when some London performer of eminence was acting here. But that this indifference was not confined to Edinburgh, I can prove by two anecdotes, given me by my friends, Young and Mathews, which, with your permission, I will repeat.

"Young once met a friend in London, who thus addressed him:—' My dear Young, how delighted I am to meet you—quite well, I see, and prepared for your labours—you'll be sorry to hear how the theatres are going down—you know I'm a theatrical man, and regret it deeply. But when do you appear? I'm waiting for you—watching anxiously for the legitimate drama—when do you come out?' This was about the middle of the season, and Young had been playing at Drury-lane from the very commencement, at least three nights a week.

"The next instance was related to me by Mr. Mathews, with all that point and character which so eminently distinguish that celebrated comedian. Walking down the Strand, he was encountered by a respectable old gentleman, who began upon that heart-rending topic, theatrical distress, saying, 'It was not so in my young days, Mr. Mathews; theatres prospered then, for you know I have been a theatrical man all my life; but though I regret the state of the patent theatres, I rejoice at your success—I have kept my eye on you—full houses at the English Opera House every night I see—glad of it on your account.' At this time Mathews had been five months in partnership with Yates at the Adelphi. Then, ladies and gentlemen, with this indifference on the part even of 'theatrical people,' can we wonder that theatrical receipts have somewhat diminished?

"But to resume my official language, I am happy to say, that the revenue of the last quarter presents a favourable increase, leaving us no reason to apprehend any diminution in your national resources. I fear I have trespassed too long upon your patience, so will at once open my budget.—To meet the expenses of the approaching season, I propose a tax—don't start, ladies and gentlemen,

I do not touch the necessities of life. No, like a prudent financier, I lay all my impositions upon luxuries—tragedy, comedy, opera, play, farce, melo-drama, and pantomime; and I propose collecting the usual duties upon those articles, by the aid of Messrs. Young, Macready, Vandenhoff, Cooke, Mathews, Liston, Miss Paton, Miss Jarman, Miss Foote, and that fair and bright luminary, Miss Fanny Kemble. I therefore move, that it may be lawful for us to levy the customary prices of admittance to this theatre, in sums not exceeding five shillings nor less than sixpence; the surplus produce of such sums, should any surplus produce arise above the expense of collecting the said duties, to be paid into the private exchequer of Mrs. Henry Siddons, to be applied to the purposes of her civil list, secret service money, and so forth. Standing in so singular a minority on this side the house, I beg leave to second my own motion, and trust your hands will carry it *nem. con.*"

This address was received with three hearty cheers.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

On Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Miss Bland, *Don Giovanni* and *Tom and Jerry*. Friday, for the benefit of Mrs. Heymen, the *Dramatist* and the *Idiot Witness*. This being the last night of the company's performing, and Mr. W. Downton having notified, in the bills of the day, that it would be his *last* appearance at Tunbridge Wells, (in consequence of his being about to let his theatre for a term of years), the house was most respectably filled at an early hour. Among those present were many to whom Mr. D. had been known from early childhood, consequently, by him, were looked upon as very old friends; by them, it was anticipated, that, at the close of the evening, he would have taken his farewell, but in that, we believe, one and all were disappointed; yet knowing Mr. D. as we have done, for many years, we could readily excuse "a farewell address," reverting, as he must have done, to the many marks of kindness experienced from the public at large, since his first appearance on these boards, and particularly during his having the management of the theatre, as it would have been an effort his physical powers could not have encountered: however, his respectful bow to the different parts of the house on the dropping of the curtain, conveyed to us his silent, but grateful feeling, which was acknowledged by rounds of applause.

DUMFRIES.

MISS SMITHSON.—The celebrated Miss Smithson, whose appearance at Paris excited such an extraordinary sensation, that she has ever since been styled “the Parisian Idol,” has been performing here since Tuesday. Since we lost Mrs. Siddons and Miss O’Neil, we have had no one so fully adequate to occupy their walks in tragedy as this talented and popular actress. Miss Smithson possesses the finest and most commanding figure on the stage, with a beautiful, sublime, and captivating countenance, sufficient to kindle up a glow of admiration in the coldest heart. It is really no wonder that the Monsieurs and their Dutch neighbours make such a noise about this engaging actress. We have witnessed her Belvidera, Juliet, Imogene, and Jane Shore, in all which she has riveted the attention of an overflowing house, and called forth enthusiastic and repeated bursts of applause from every corner. Her acting of these four characters, if rightly analysed and accurately appreciated, will be found to be four of the most perfect personifications on the stage. In Blackwood’s Magazine for October, we find the following observations.—“ Every reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick’s contest with Madame Clarion, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French stage, by his representation of the father, struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms. Perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding—amidst the gradations

of idiocy—of the various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility, which lie there unknown, genius in some gifted moment may discover.” This conquest Miss Smithson has achieved—this triumph she has won; and the writer of these observations, if he has ever witnessed Miss Smithson in the mad scene of *Belvidera*, must have had her in his eye when preparing them; or if he has not yet seen her, he will be the first to acknowledge her surpassing genius in this respect when he does. She has not only discovered, but embodied, with the most vivid reality and truth, “the various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility,” which lie amid the gradations of insanity. Her pantomime is minute, magnificent, natural, and totally devoid of extravagance; it has those refined points, those little niceties, those exquisite minutiae, those lights and shades of character, which tragic acting ought to possess—to this in a great measure her success on the French stage may be attributed.

“ Dear Erin, the Emerald Isle,” we understand, has had the honour of giving birth to this splendid creature, no less deserving of encomium for her private worth than her public merits.—*Dumfries and Galloway Courier*.

BIRMINGHAM.

Friday, Nov. 13.—Our brief theatrical season terminated last night. It has been more successful than the last, though by no means advantageous to the manager. In *The Clandestine Marriage*, Lord Ogleby was personated by Colonel Berkeley, for the benefit of Miss Taylor. *The Happiest Day of my Life* followed.

PROSE ON HORSEBACK.—(Dryden.)

We must speak of Miss Smithson’s Imogene in *Bertram* in terms of the most unqualified approbation. The whole details were brought out by her with the utmost verisimilitude and power; and her perception of pathos was more apparent than in any other character of her’s we have yet witnessed. There was a harmony, a freshness, a freedom, and a dignity about it, which our hearts recognised at once, and our feelings would have uttered, were they as eloquent as her own. In this beautiful and arduous character, her genius shone forth in all its free, untrammelled excellence: it awakened the most attractive sympathies of our nature, and excited the most pleasurable emotions of our being. In the union of strong fancy and refined feeling, discoverable in her personation of Imogene, consisted one of the greatest beauties of the part, which left us absorbed in admiration, and lost in a dream of intellectual enjoyment. It was after the murder of St. Aldobrand, however, that her peculiar powers were seen to the greatest advantage. Her madness—her flight—her suffering—the embracing of her child—the putting her away from her as a thing loathed—her re-embracing her, when the full sway of maternal fondness rising o’er the madness of the mind and of the memory, bursts forth with an impulse that would not be controlled, were given in her finest manner, and with the most magnificent effect.—*Glasgow Courier*.

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